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GRAVES OF THE HEART.

BY D. C. ADDISON.

I dreamed in the silence and stillness of night,
When the stars were obscured by the moon's brighter light,
I wandered forth with a slow, stealthily tread,
To visit a graveyard—the home of the dead.

No proud marble monument reared to the sky
Points out the dear spot where the sleeping ones lie;
No richly carved letters make known the dear names,
Or tell where they lived, when died, whence they came;

No low bending willow, or whispering trees
Seem to murmur their names, as they sigh in the breeze;
No bright smiling flowers, strewed over the spot
Ever speak for the dead, "I must not be forgot;"

No priest, in his robes, ever stood 'round the bier
And spoke of comfort and glad tidings to cheer;
No voice ever said, "These flowers, ones shall rise
Triumphant, immortal, again in the skies!"

Yet well do I know where each little grave lies,
Though hidden away from the gaze of the eye.
Though flowers, nor stone mark the place where they've laid,
Or grassy mound covers the form of the dead.

Here affections that seemed too ardent to die,
Together with bright hopes, forever must lie!—
Cease! cease thy wild beatings, thou fond-stricken heart,
And bid those vain tears from thine eyes to depart!

All day have I wreathed me in smiles all unfelt,
All day at the cold shrine of fashion have knelt,
And now, ye vain world, let me bid you depart,
That alone I may weep o'er the graves of my heart.

—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The Tyrant of Rimini.

A tall, somber-looking, middle-aged man was haughtily walking down the principal street of Rimini, in Eastern Italy, at an early hour in the morning of the 12th of May, 1501. All pedestrains fled as if dismayed at his approach, and well they might, for he was no other than Sigismondo-Pandolfo-Malatesta, the autocrat of Rimini, and one of the worst tyrants of his terrible period.

Malatesta was followed by an escort of archers, and as he turned around a corner and directed his steps towards the court-house, an arrow, shot by an unknown hand, fell at his feet. Malatesta picked it up with a scornful smile. A parchment slip was fastened to the point of the arrow. On this slip the following terrible words were inscribed:

"Accursed Malatesta, thy end is drawing nigh. It will be both horrible and ignominious."

As Malatesta read these words he turned slightly pale. But he quickly recovered his equanimity. Casting a sidelong glance at the house from which the arrow seemed to have come, he muttered, with a terrible smile:

"That house shall be torn down to-day, and on its site I will construct a gallery of paintings and statuary. It shall be a noble edifice, and it will add to my fame as one of the best patrons of the fine arts. As for the inmates of the house—why, they shall be attended to this very morning."

The procession entered the court-house, where Malatesta immediately descended to the gloomy basement of the building. In this basement were located the dungeons where the prisoners of state were confined; also the tortue chamber with all its dread paraphernalia.

During the infamous reign of Malatesta these dungeons were always filled with the victims of the tyrant's vindictiveness, and the torture chamber resounded day after day with the heart-rending screams and profound groans of the unfortunate persons whom Malatesta's hangman and his assistants tormented.

On the morning of the 12th of May, 1501, the torture-chamber was to be the scene of a truly revolting spectacle. When Malatesta entered the apartment, over which two torches cast their lurid light, he took his seat upon a stone estrade. A secretary took his seat at his feet.

"Have the prisoners brought in," ordered Malatesta.

The secretary rang a bell. A minute later a side door opened. The sound of clanking chains was heard. At last a mournful procession, headed by the hangman and his assistants, entered. There were ten heavily-ironed prisoners. They were only half-clad in the coarsest hempen garments. They looked pale and emaciated. Their eyes were hardly able to bear the glare of the torchlights.

"Call their names," said Malatesta.

The secretary read off the following names:

Palvicino Aesiello, Enrico Aesiello, Michaele Aesiello, Guglielmo Pallavicini, Alfonso Stravera, Manfredo Biffonini, Andrea Borania, Carlo Borania, Marco Tristany, Antonio Montani.

As soon as the name of a prisoner was read he was rudely pushed one side by the executioner. When the reading of the names had been completed, the secretary said:

"They are all here, Principe."

Malatesta rose to his feet, and said, in a terrible voice:

"You are all accused of being traitors to the State of Rimini!"

"We are not," firmly replied the prisoners. "We have tried to save the Republic of Rimini from your traitorous machinations, Pandolfo Malatesta!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the tyrant.

"Who elected you Prince of Rimini?" cried the elder Aesiello, a venerable man of seventy.

"No one!" said another prisoner. "He is a usurper and a tyrant."

Malatesta fairly foamed with rage.

"Maledetti!" he roared.

"You are accused by everybody in this city except by your minions and henchmen."

"You will speedily die the death of a dog!" gravely said old Aesiello.

"But first, you shall die; and the ravens and hawks shall eat your rotting carcasses, while I, after my death, shall be remembered as the benefactor of Rimini—as he who adorned his city with the most beautiful edifices and monuments."

"History does not lie!" said old Aesiello, solemnly.

"A truce to all this nonsense!" shouted Malatesta. "Executioner, perform your duty." The scene that ensued beggars description. For three solid hours the unfortunate prisoners were tormented with all the devilish ingenuity characteristic of the cruel Italian tortures of the Middle Ages. The object of this torturing was to wrest from the sufferers the confession that they were traitors to the State of Rimini. Eight of the prisoners remained firm. Two of them, unable to bear the dreadful agony, said all that Malatesta wanted. He was delighted.

"Carlo Borania and Antonio Montani," he said, "are shrewd. They will get off with simple decapitation. As for the rest of you, this fate is in store for you—you shall be knocked down with a stone hammer, and then your hearts shall be cut out by the executioner. You shall meet your death at noon to-day on the market place."

He rose from his seat and hurried back to his palace. There several distinguished artists from Rome awaited him—artists, painters, sculptors. The artists of Italy at that period, as a general thing, were wretched, time-serving fellows. What did they care whether the hand that patronized them was stained with blood? Malatesta's infamies were notorious. Still such noble architects as Guglielmo Da Visto and Andrea Vasi courted his favor. When he re-entered his palace he immediately granted private audiences to the artists.

A large concourse surrounded the wagons conveying the prisoners. The latter harangued the vast crowd of people that witnessed their arrival in ringing tones.

"People of Rimini!" exclaimed the venerable Aesiello, "will you permit the tyrant Malatesta to sacrifice your best friends?"

A great commotion ensued in the vast throng.

"Hear Aesiello!" cried some.

"It's a shame!" shouted others.

"Down with Malatesta!' roared a still bolder citizen.

Malatesta had heard this last exclamation. He rose from his throne and called out to the archers;

"Kill that man!"

"Let's kill Malatesta!" roared the citizens back.

The mounted archers charged the crowd in order to disperse it. But a hailstorm of stones was showered down upon them. Their horses were frightened, strong arms tore them from their saddles, and they were miserably brained with heavy bludgeons. All this had been done in a few moments. Malatesta had turned deadly pale. He saw that he was in imminent peril. "Surround me, archers!" he cried.

But the archers were as cowardly as they were villainous. They deserted the tyrant in this extremity. But the exasperated multitude caught all of them and put them to death.

But now an extraordinary scene took place. Malatesta had been thrown to the ground by three citizens. The prisoners, as a matter of course, had been liberated. Aesiello approached the prostrate tyrant. "Now," he said to Malatesta, "you shall suffer the death which you had prepared for us. My friends," he added, turning to the citizens, "bring the executioner here."

The latter arrived, trembling with fear. He willingly did as he was bidden. He fastened the feet of Malatesta to the ring in the scaffold. Then he dealt him a terrible blow on the left temple with a stone hammer. Malatesta dropped suddenly. In a second the executioner was on the breast of his victim. He then ripped open his clothes with a sharp knife, and then cut a horrible gash in his left breast. Into this gash the wretch inserted his right hand, and then withdrew it, producing the still reeking heart of the tyrant. The citizens greeted the sickening spectacle with deafening acclamations. In their blood-thirsty frenzy they massacred every person in Rimini that had supported Malatesta. His palace was sacked and burned to the ground. For a few years the small republic flourished; then its fate, owing to the wars of invasion, became as deplorable as ever.

An Extensive Hole.

The opening of the first railway is spoken of as a memorable event, but every one seems to forget that centuries before this occurred loads were transported on rails in mines, and the fact is equally overlooked regarding the piercing of whole mountains, such as Mont Cenis and Saint Gothard in the Alps, that similar works had been effected ages ago in mines on a far larger scale. The longest subterranean construction of this kind is to be found in the mines of Freyberg, in the Kingdom of Saxony. Already, at the end of the year 1835, the galleries had attained the length of 100 miles. At the same time the works, commenced at the end of the twelfth century, had reached such a depth that any further descent was found to be impracticable. Consequently a new gallery had to be opened. The work was completed a year ago, and its execution had occupied thirty-three years. Including the secondary galleries, the shaft has now an extent of tunneling which will soon reach nearly thirty-two miles. This length far surpasses any railway tunnel in the world.

Reportorial Enterprise.

There had been a fearful murder in the country, and the editor sent down an enterprising reporter to form a theory and if possible, get ahead of the police in arresting the murderer.

Three days later the reporter returned and reported progress.

"Well, and so the three officers armed themselves and set off with me, and about 11 o'clock we reached the spot where the suspicious-looking person had been in the habit of loitering about. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we almost ran against a pale and haggard-looking man answering to the description I had received. 'That's the man!' I cried. The wretch started to fly, but was instantly secured, bound and dragged to the station; the Commissaire questioned him, and—let him go. He wasn't the man!"

"Well, when you found that you had been instrumental in causing the arrest of an innocent man, what did you do then?"

"Secured him as a subscriber to the paper."

Water Distribution.

[Boston Transcript.]

During the year 1878 the average resident of Chicago used from 130 to 147 gallons of water each day, while in 1876 the average in London was only 33 gallons, in Paris 38, in Philadelphia 56, in Boston and Dublin 60, and in New York 95. In Providence, R. I., where meters had been introduced, the average consumption had been reduced to 30 gallons. In 1868 the resident of Chicago was satisfied with 58 gallons, and in 1873 the city's supply was only 29,000,000 gallons a day; but now the maximum capacity of the city's pumping works is 70,000,000 gallons, and the citizens are using every drop of it.

AN English paper tells a good story of a clergyman who was consoling a lady for the death of her husband by emphatic assurances that those who had been friends in this world would be reunited immediately after death. He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him, then, by this time.

AN Iowa Limburger cheese factory was struck by lightning the other night, and the lightning got the worst of it.

Old Mining Camps.

[Eureka Sentinel.]

An old mining camp in the growing hours of dusk has an air of the most peaceful acquiescence with the ways of Providence. There is nothing else like it in the universe. The sleepiest fisher-village which ever clung to black cliffs above the lazy breakers and the white shore will rouse when shoals of herring fill the bay, or when the winter storms come with their wild rage bearing some doomed ship on the foaming rocks; the sleepiest village of the valley grows, though slowly, by increase in the value of lands, and the drift of improvements in the community. But the old mining camp is a mystery to the thoughtful inquirer. If a man moves away, there his house stands and rots into a pile of kindling-wood. Yonder was a pretty garden on the slope, but the progress of the mines has cut the water ditches, which, now cannot reach it, and so it is neglected and barren. Here is a building—solid brick walls, iron shutters, door which would withstand a seige; it was a bank once, where exchanges could be had on London, Hamburg and all the great centers of trade; now it is plastered over with red paper signs and occupied by a score of narrow-lidded, yellow Chinese. Yet there are quiet, shaded cottages and the most lovely of homes in almost every one of these old mining camps. Take a little turn apart from the decaying business center of the town, and you will find what would delight the most care-hardened traveler. Quiet men sitting on the doorsteps and watching that last quiver of sunlight in the pines which is so eternally new and glorious; fair women, in summer garments of white, standing by fragrant pillars of roses; chubby-faced children, full of healthy merriment, slipping in and out among the trees, or playing on the terraced bit of grass plot beside the grape trellis. Ah! we have at last found out the charm of many a mountain town which cynical tourists delight to deny. There are abiding places and homes of men here, also, even as in the fairest of valleys.

Couldn't Game Him.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday, to see the shipping. Several bootblacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Just stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost you a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps to the Harbor-master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and "sause" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw!"

How Nitro-Glycerine is Made.

[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

This wonderful explosive was discovered in 1847, by an Italian named Soboro, but its practical application was made by Alfred, a Swedish engineer. The process by which it is made is thus described: Every one knows what glycerine is—a clear, syrupy liquid, sweet to the taste and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scope for employment ranges from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's boudoir. Chemists term it tratomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat or tallow by action of lime and sulphuric acid. Its properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine be poured into this, and stirred carefully, the whole being surrounded by freezing mixture, we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gun-powder. It forms on the surface as an oil of pale yellow color, is perfectly inodorous, and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It is poisonous whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses produce distressing headaches. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when brought to a temperature of boiling water; but at forty degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.

Their Bargain.

"Your folks gone anywhere this summer?" inquired one boot-black of another at the post-office yesterday.

"Has yourn?" was the evasive reply.

"Say, Jim, what kind of a boy are you?" asked the first, after a long pause.

"Me? Well, I never give a feller away."

"Then, if you won't let on that my mother had to stay at home to wash for her regular customers, I won't say anything about your father, who is taking his vacation in the Work House."

They shook hands over it, and both will keep mum.

THE following grave remark is credited to a Cape Cod sexton. It was an exceptionally fine day in September, when the fashioner of final resting-places said with a sigh of regret: "This would be a lovely day fur a berrien—ef there wur anybody to be berried."

GLEANINGS FROM THE MUSE.

"KILLED IN SING SING."

BY WILLIAM E. M'MULLEN.

Dead? My boy dead?
Killed in prison, you said.
Who killed him, and why
Was he made like a dog to die?
Who did it? His keeper, you say,
In discharge of his duty? Eh!
Did duty compel him to kill my son—
The light of my life—my only one?

Dead? Killed in a felon's dress!
No more shall I feel the caress
Of the loving, spirited, wayward child
I've held to my breast? When a lad he was wild—
Not vicious, sir; but lively and gay.
'Till evil companions led him away.
He dropped into crime, as I often was told,
But I prayed he'd reform, sir, ere he grew old.

Dead? Shot like a dog where he stood?
Dead in the foundry, and bathed in his blood!
Great God! but it's terrible! Can it be true?
Why did they kill him, sir? What did he do?
Twice stabbed a keeper? Incited, to riot?
Go on; I'm listening now, see, I'm quiet.
They'd lashed him, you say; and he, pushed to the wall,
Then turned on his keepers, defying them all?

Dead? Shot like a wandering beast?
Without e'en a word from the priest
To point out the pathway into the Unknown,
And give absolution ere his soul had flown?
What? God forgive him! He went to his death
An oath on his lips; a curse his last breath?
Was there none in the throng which surrounded him there
To think of his childhood, or whisper a prayer?

Dead? Killed for breaking the prison's laws?
It couldn't be helped, sir; he gave them cause.
He was daring, you say? Yes; e'en when a lad—
He never knew fear. But they drove him mad
With their iron rules, which he soon forgot,
'Till he goaded them on to fire the shot.
So he's dead! and he died in disgrace?
But his soul with its Maker has found a place.

—*New York Star.*

What's In a Name.

[Dictionary of Slang.]

When Lord Dundreary gave his servant half a crown to buy three "tenpenny nails," he displayed no more than a pardonable simplicity in accepting the literal interpretation of the name applied to the particular article which he desired to purchase, and probably few of those who have laughed at the famous joke could correctly fix the origin of the term "tenpenny" as applied to nails. It really means that the nails weigh ten pounds to the thousand, the original expression being "ten-pound nails;" and this in its turn corrupted into "tenpenny nails;" "sixpenny" and "fourpenny" nails are nails weighing six or four pounds to the thousand. There are many other similar terms, "familiar as household words," which are in daily use, and convey a very false impression if accepted literally. A scientific contemporary takes the trouble to give a list of many household articles whose names, when analyzed, go far to justify the skeptical inquiry of the amorous *Juliet*. Salad oil, for instance, is not oil for making salads, but oil for cleaning salads, i. e., hemlets; while an equally familiar instance of incongruous ideas is presented in the use of the term "German silver," this metal being neither silver nor an alloy of silver and not having even been invented by a German. Ladies who button up the dozen or more buttons of the gloves probably never pause to think that their "kids" are more likely made of the skins of lambs, or even of rats, than of those of young goats; and still less likely is the housemaid, or even the young housewife, to reflect that the common "blacklead" is as innocent of lead as it is of gold, or the knowing city clerk to consider that his black-lead pencil contains a natural composition of carbon and iron. Instances of the misnaming of things might be multiplied from among objects in daily use, whose names are excepted and passed from mouth to mouth with scarcely a moment's thought of their incongruity or their origin.

The Reporter's Gospel.

[St. Louis Times-Journal.]

How manifold are thy works, O reporter, and how dost thou compass the people of the earth around about.

Thy name is legion, thou art everywhere at once; thy fat is a joy unto the printer and thy lean hangeth upon the hook until it be dead.

In the day dost thou gird thyself and travel into far countries and sit with lawgivers and money changers in the temple; thy hand is against every man and every man is against thee.

Thou climbest the stairs at night, yea, even seven flights of stairs climbest thou up and makest thyself tosit in a chamber whereunto the roaches and mosquitoes do appertain.

If so be the son of man prevaileth upon thee to look upon the wine when it is red, it being but the third hour of the day, thou art full as a tick and thy masters do dock thee as to thy wages.

The foolish reporter saith in his heart: My work albeit being done I will tarry awhile hereabouts, lest haply there being a fire or murder, the paper shall be scooped of an item.

And as he tarrieth, lo, there comes a fire and he hustleth out upon the war path and they squirteth water upon his raiment and entreat him sore, but he writeth up anon and sweateth much, for he is a foolish reporter.

But the wise reporter, whensoever his task be done, skippeth for home and lieth upon his couch and sleepeth the sleep of the righteous man.

And when the fire cometh and the murder descendeth, he laugheth them to scorn and no man saith unto him go and he goeth or come and he cometh, or scoop and he scoopeth it.

For he was a wise reporter and he maketh merry with himself and all his ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace.

Story of a Prison Revolt.

More than fifty years ago a revolt at the Charlestown, Mass., prison assumed such proportions that a squad of marine from the Navy Yard had to be called in to quell it. Major Wainwright, the commanding officer, marched his men into the dining-room, in one end of which the convicts had gathered, with knives, files and other weapons such as they could reach. They swore they would die rather than surrender. The major ordered his men to load, holding up the bullets to view; then to take aim. Then taking out his watch, he gave the convicts three minutes in which to retire to their quarters. For the first minute there were jeers and execrations; the next minute an oppressive silence fell on the angry group, and the last minute they began to slide out at the rear door, ending in a panic-stricken rush. This was the way the firmness of Major Wainwright, backed up by muskets, prevailed.

Henry Clay and the Goat.

The following story of Henry Clay will doubtless recall the man who caught a bear by the tail—it was dangerous to hold on, but it was death to let go:

As Mr. Clay came out of the Capitol at Washington, one day, seeing a frightened woman in the street vainly trying to ward off the attacks of a sportive goat, he gallantly, in spite of his years and office, seized the goat by the horns.

The woman thanked him warmly and sped hurriedly on. Mr. Clay would have liked to move on also, but the goat had its own views about the interference with his innocent amusement.

As soon as the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on the goat's horns, the animal rose majestically on his hind legs and prepared for a charge. In his own defence, Mr. Clay now took the animal as before by the horns, and thus for a time they stood, while a crowd of street boys gathered about, immensely amused in the unusual spectacle of a senator and a goat pitted the one against the other in a public street.

As long as Mr. Clay held the goat, all was well enough; but the moment the quadruped was free, came a fresh preparation for a charge. Not a boy offered assistance; but after a while one ventured to suggest:

"Throw the Billy down, sir."

Mr. Clay at once accepted and adopted the report of that committee, and tripping the goat up, essayed to pass on. Before he could fairly turn any way, however, the goat was up in lofty preparation for a new charge.

Mr. Clay gave his enemy the floor, or the pavement, once more, and, keeping him there, turned to his new advertiser with the question:

"And what shall I do now?"

"Cut and run, sir," replied the lad.

Wanted to See the Editor.

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust, and remarked:

"I don't want any news from that paper."

"I suppose that everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think they had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said. "Better grin and bear it."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say; but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?"

"Do? He did a deal. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield in the evening, and come home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony, and we went to the Music Hall and the theatre. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; then Jim treated; and the others treated; in fact we were having a pretty good time, when some fellows came in and began to raise a row. In less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined $7.40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the next morning, I'll be eternally confused if that very paper didn't have it all in, and my name too."

"Did your wife see it?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?'

"Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?"

Gen. Sully's Indian Daughter.

[St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press.]

The Yankton (Dak.) *Herald* reiterates the statement that the late Gen. Sully left a Sioux daughter, and that she is now living on the Yankton reservation; and the Bon Homme (Dak.) *Citizen* says: The Indians call her Ah-kee-chee-dah We-chin-chee, 'soldier's girl.' When last we saw her, about nine years ago, she was about fourteen years of age, and the best looking girl in that part of the country. We think her mother is a half breed. Her mother said in our presence at the house of Collins La Mont that the girl was Gen. Sully's daughter, and that the General sent her dresses and money quite often, and also offered to have her educated."

The *Press* and *Dakotian* publishes a letter from a correspondent at White Swan, which tells the whole story as follows:

"Gen. Sully, when Captain in the 2d Infantry, took a half breed girl, daughter of Peg Leg Smith, a trapper of the Rocky Mountains, at Pierre, in 1856. He brought her with him to Fort Randall, lived with her in a tent, and in 1857 had a female child by her, to whom he gave the name of Madeline. Col. Gardner has seen Gen. Sully playing with the child, and Mr. Guion, the interpreter, can swear that Madeline is the daughter of Gen. Sully. The girl is now living on the agency."

Increase of the Human Race.

According to the most recent culculations—those of Peterman—the population of the whole world is now 1,424,000,000. It is well known that not a few thinkers have called in question the account of the origin of mankind as given in the Biblical writings, on the ground that it was impossible that in the period in question so many could have descended form two ancestors—Adam and Eve. This objection, however, Euler has undertaken to meet, by showing that, in a process of doubling the population from one pair it might amount to any conceivable number. It has been laid down that a population can double itself in 25 years. It is true that, if the population increased to its present pitch in 5,880 years, it may have doubled itself every 200 years. The inhabitants of the earth would thus, in 200 years approach 3,000,000,000; and at the same rate the difference between the birth rates and the death rates would be nearly constant, although themselves varying widely.

A MAN coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replying to a policeman who interviewed him, said: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went to see the man who writ it, an' he war thar!"

DESERTED IN ENGLAND.

An Abandoned Wife Finding her Husband Married Again in America.

A sad case of desertion, resulting in suffering and misery, has just come to light at Providence, R. I. The name of the deserted wife is Mrs. Bridget Clough, an English woman, apparently fifty years of age, very intelligent and lady-like in appearance. She gave her maiden name as Bridget Kelly, and said that she was married to Joseph Clough on the 11th of May, 1851, in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Dukenfield, Lanchshire County, England, by the Right Rev. Dr. John Hall, of Makelsfield. They lived in Ashton previous to their union, and worked side by side in the mill in the weaving department. At the time they were married he was about twenty-two years of age, and she had attained her twenty-third year. They began housekeeping under very favorable auspices, both working in the mill during the day and living very happily together. The husband was industrious and affectionate.

Two children were born to them previous to his departure to America.

After several years of wedded life Clough expressed a desire to try his fortune in America. The wife made no objections to his departure. He promised to send her money at frequent intervals, and she was content to await the summons. When she bade him farewell she little dreamed that a lapse of twenty-one years would pass by ere she again saw his face. Shortly after his departure the elder boy was crushed to death while on his way home from school, and a few months afterward her remaining son was taken from her by brain fever. She patiently awaited letters from her husband, but she received no intelligence from him, and knew nothing of his whereabouts. She was finally compelled to ask aid of the parish. The parish doctor took measures to secure Clough's arrest for neglect to provide for his family; but, as he was in America, there could be no service of the writ. Mrs. Clough having heard indirectly that Clough was in Rhode Island, resolved to seek him out. She sailed from England in March last.

Soon after her arrival here she learned that her husband had been married to a woman fifteen years, and was the father of three children. She made complaint against Clough, who was in Woodsocket. The authorities there refused to aid her in the detention of Clough, who was an influential man, and she was unable to bring him to justice. Finally Constable Craddock arrested him and conducted him before Judge Blackwood. He was arraigned on charge of bigamy. He pleaded not guilty and was held in $500 bail. Clough says he does not know the woman, but the prosecution will show that he has told others that she was his wife.

Mrs. Clough has learned that Clough's second wife, whose maiden name was Alice Andrews, knew of his previous marriage. She has a daughter by Clough about sixteen years old, another fourteen, and a third younger.

A Lady in Want of a Dying Husband.

Mr. J. C. Uthoff, second house surgeon at Guy's Hospital, London, relates the following incident in the *Lancet*: A well dressed and lady-like female, with a strong French accent, asked to see me, and requested that the interview might be a private one, as the subject upon which she wished to speak was, to use her own words "a delicate one." A young woman, a relative or friend of hers, was entitled to inherit some property if married; but, being single, there was a prospect of her losing it. As no suitable husband seemed likely to appear, she was desirous of finding some "dying" man, of what position it mattered not, to whom she might be formally married, and so obtain the property, while at the same time the link might be slender, and soon broken. This they had not been able to manage in France, where she lived, and they had accordingly sent over to a London hospital, where they hoped for success. I was requested to find such a dying man suitable for the object. If he were a widower and had children, they would make some provision for the children. I need not dwell upon the answer given to such a request. It would be curious to know if the same attempt has been made at other London hospitals.

A Soap Mine.

[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

A natural soap mine has been struck in Elko County, Nevada. It is a remarkable stratum that rests horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek Valley. The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked, and the farmers, cattle men and sheep herders in that region all use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks like immense masses of mottled castile soap, the mottling element being a small percentage of iron oxide. A few days ago Professor Stewart, of Virginia City, received a sample of the soap, prepared by a firm in Elko, who have undertaken to introduce it into the market. It is similar in appearance to the castile soap sold in large bars. Nothing is added to the mineral but a trifle more alkali and some scenting extracts. Its detersive qualities are as powerful as those of any manufactured soap.

A Smart Young Man Trumped.

Ida Burt is a serio-comic vocalist happily known to fame. Ida sang lately to the suffering inhabitants of Bradford, Pa. Her siren strains overcame a youthful patron known as Willie Newell, and it is alleged that Willie greeted the fair Ida's closing notes with a lovely bunch of flowers. With fawn-like agility the maiden waltzed to the spot and stooped to raise the fragrant offering. As if by magic it disappeared, and then Ida's gymnastic start was rewarded by repeated salvos of laughter, while the wicked individual at the other end of the string attached to the boquet sat in his place calm and unconcerned. Ida sang again amid wild applause, and at the close, as she passed to the back of the theater, she met the generous donor of the flowers and his friend, and rewarded Newell's gallantry by empting a bag of flour over his manly form.

There was a young girl of Carlisle
Whose parents (all parents are silly)
Thought her the sweet beau
She said: "You're too low,
For only the wealthy I sallie."

But, sudden, that sallie it said good-by,
In fact, discontinued to sport,
And then the young girl
Took sadly to drink of Lethe,
And guessed she would marry "that lout;"

The "lout" didn't rate worth a cent,
And thus for that maiden he went—
"The gal that dad's lie
Will sure end sale,
Had better hitch on to some brute."

No Gent institutin' a suit
Upon her affections, she stayed—
And stay there she will
To the end of the bill—
A sour, lean, spooky old maid.

PASSING SMILES.

LOVE is a sentiment—marriage is business.—*Boston Transcript.*

BLESSED is he whose eyes are crossed for when he looketh at a dollar he seeth two.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THE last words of a dog about to die with a bone in his throat, were: "Pro bone-oh-pup'll-I-go."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"WHOSO findeth a wife findeth a good thing," says Soloman. He neglected to state, however, that it made a difference whose wife you found.

AN angry German being told who it was that stole his watch and pocket-book answered: "I dond not care who got id, whoever id vos vould steal anyhow."

"PAWS for a reply" is a frequently heard expression. Call a man a liar and if you don't get paws for a reply, that man is certainly a coward if not a liar.

Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow impure for want of motion.

INTEGRITY without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

CHARLEY ROSS, says the Paterson *Press*, ought to be old enough by this time to discover himself; and he will do it some of these days, the first thing we know.

A MAN never appreciates the keen enjoyment of fishing on the part of the fish, until he gets his hook well into the ball of his thumb.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to acomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

IT is a little singular, although no less true, that one small but well-constructed fly will do more toward breaking up a man's afternoon nap than the racket of a full brass band.

DUTCH girls make the best wives, King William has been married fifty years, and he is not as bald-headed as some Americans who have been wedded only that many months.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of the want of them in us.

LOOK not upon the watermelon core when it is red, and tackle it not heartily just before going to bed. A word to the wise is "nuff ced."—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

A YOUNG lady parting with a friend was heard to say: "I wish you would come up and be our coachman." This is rather a neat way of declaring intentions.

THE regularity and anxiety with which some young ladies inquire for letters at the post-office leads the delivery clerk to conclude that they are awaiting sealed proposals.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"GIVE me your hand," said the village school-master, sternly. "And my heart, too," she meekly replied. Being pretty, her soft answer effectually turned away his wrath, and the wedding soon followed.

IT is when his wife hands him a bran new napkin, that has never had the starch washed out of it, that the newly married man thinks how much better he could clean his face with a yard or two of floor oil-cloth.

IN selecting hair for butter, care should be taken to have the hair correspond in color with the butter. Dairymaids who pay any attention to style will do well to make a note of this.—*Greens it on Dairy Products.*

YOUNG (to recently-married friend—"Is he all you hoped for?" "Why, of course." "Fine fellow, gentee!?" "More than that, elegant. He talks like a book." "Well, when you come to volume second send him to me."

THERE is a young lady at Newport who rejoices in fifteen complete toilets, including hats, gloves and slippers. If that young lady would only sell thirteen of her complete toilets, and give the proceeds to the poor, the angels would hold a ratification meeting.

IT too often happens that in pursuing happiness we are, as it were, only chasing a pig with a greased tail—*Hackensack Republican.* Well, what do you expect? The Declaration of Independence only promises the pursuit of happiness, not its possession.—*Somerville Journal.*

HARVEY SCOFIELD, of West Farms, had a cow for sale, and one day along came a purchaser. "Is she with calf?" he asked. Now, Harvey didn't know whether he wanted such a cow, and so to make no mistake which might frustrate the sale, he answered: "Partly."

THE Norristown *Herald* tells a good story about a ruralite who purchased an alarm clock one day last week, and returned it the next afternoon. He said that it made such an infernal racket in the morning that he couldn't sleep.

AN old farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is; we've been married for upward of forty years, and I always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank, to be filled up when his old woman's name was inserted.—*Exchange.*

WHEN a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited, and kicks it off; another bee, one of the in-door hands comes along and rams it down with his head and packs into the cell as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid to pack our butter that way.—*Travelers Record.* If our butter must be packed in that way, let it be done by a bald-headed dairy-maid.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE London *World* says: "There are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty. Character and experience leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree even than time itself, and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or of folly."

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

Now is the time to subscribe. This year will be an exciting one in the politics of the country, and it will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

If sufficient encouragement be received, various improvements will be made.

Persons wishing to act as Agents will hear something to their advantage, if they write us at once.

Send for instructions and terms.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

Democratic State Convention.

THURSDAY, the 17th day of June, is the day and Raleigh the place, chosen by the State Executive Committee, for the assembling of the Democratic State Convention.

Republican National Convention.

This body of wire-pullers, ringmen, office-holders and bond-kings, met in Chicago last Wednesday. The 35th ballot was taken Tuesday at 1 p. m., with this result—Grant, 313; Blaine, 257; Sherman, 101.

Chairman cannot control the convention, everybody on their feet.

LATER.

1:30 p. m.

Garfield, of Ohio, nominated on the 36 ballot.

Vote stood— Garfield 397, Grant 311, Blaine 42.

Grant men blank and blue! Not a single cheer heard here.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was nominated for vice-president by acclamation.

Below we give a brief sketch of Gen. Garfield.

General James A. Garfield.

The successful candidate for the Republican nomination for President, James A. Garfield—was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831; graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1850; was President of a literary institution for several years; studied and practiced law; was a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1859-'60; entered the Union Army in 1861 as Colonel of the Forty-second Volunteers; was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, January 10, 1862; was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General September 29, 1863; was elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress as a Republican, receiving 20,012 votes against 11,349 votes for Casem, Independent Republican; also to the 46th Congress in 1878.

In 1879, Gen. Garfield was elected to the United States Senate by the Ohio Legislature, over Hon. Allen G. Thurman, (Democrat) and will take the seat to be vacated by Judge Thurman, March 4th 1881.

He has identified himself with the greatest leaders of the Republicans, and is considered to-day one of the ablest and best men in the party.

—Thanks to President Battle for a copy of the catalogue of N. C. University. It is in a flourishing condition and President Battle may well be proud of his charge. From which we learn that the number of students in attendance upon the session just ending is 171, classified as follsws: Post graduates, 1; seniors, 17; juniors, 34; sophmores, 41; freshmen, 33; optional students, 42; law, 13; medical 9; 19 of the above number appearing twice in the classification. The faculty consists of 13 professors, including the president. Of these the State chemist, the professor of law aud of anatomy and materia medica and the State Geologist, are not charged with the duties connected with the discipline of the University. The beginning of the next collegiate year falls on Thursday, August 26, 1880.

—We regret to learn from the Raleigh *News* that Col. L. L. Polk, the able Commissioner of Agriculture has resigned. The *News* truly says:

Col. Polk has ably and faithfully conducted the Department, which he had successfully organized for usefulness, and his loss will be felt by the whole State. The Executive Committee, in accepting his resignation at his request, express their deep sense of his services to the Department and the cause of agriculture, and their regret that his determination to quit official life to engage in other business is final.

—We are enabled to state this week the gratifying intelligence that Mr. W. J. Best is in full possession of the W. N. C. Railroad, and that there is no longer any necessity to fear the result. "There is blood in his eye," and he means business.—*Citizen.*

—A duel was fought on last Sunday morning in Richmond, Va., between Mr. W. C. Elam, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, and Col. Thos. Smith, of Fauquier, Va. An editorial in the *Whig* was the cause of the duel. Mr. Elam was shot in the face.

—Over four hundred members were admitted into Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Sunday.

—The first ripe peaches made their appearance in Charlotte on the 5th.

State University Commencement.

A prominent gentleman of this city, who has just returned from Chapel Hill, gives us the following items of the University commencement which took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

On Wednesday morning Hon. A. S. Merrimon, of Raleigh, delivered the address before the two literary societies. It was pronounced a very fine effort, and it was a practical exposition of the duties of the young men of North Carolina to their State.

The Baccalaureate sermom was delivered in the afternoon by Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Georgia.

At night the representatives of the two societies spoke. The efforts of the young men were highly spoken of, and was the general opinion that the speeches were above the average.

On Thursday over three thousand people were present. Durham was represented by a gorgeous procession which entered town at 10 o'clock, a. m., headed by the Durham Silver Cornet Band. The procession was composed of the Durham Light Infantry, commanded by Col. W. T. Blackwell, and a long line of wagons georgeously decorated with flags and plumes, and pictures of Blackwell's "Durham Bull." In an elegant carriage were Julian S. Carr, Esq., and other prominent gentlemen.

Every part of the State was represented among the visitors to the Commencement, and many also from adjoining States. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Gov. T. J. Jarvis, Hon. A. S. Merrimom, Dr. Eugene Grissom, Hon. J. C. Scarborough, and Rev. Dr. Atkinson of Raleigh; Hon. Paul C. Cameron, of Hillsboro, and Hons. J. M. Leach, and F. C. Robbins, of Lexington.

The graduating exercises passed off very pleasantly. The grand ball which closed the exercises at night, and the hops on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, were enjoyable features of the commencement. The ball room was beautifully decorated and the music was furnished by Kessnick's Band of Richmond, Va., which was highly complimented.

Certificates of graduation have been awarded to Messrs. J. M. Avery and A. W. McAlister, in the School of Latin; to Messrs. T. H. Battle, A. L. Coble and Ernest Haywood, in the College of Mathematics; to Messrs. H. E. Faison, H. B. Fugerson and P. H. Joyner, in the School of Analytical Chemistry; to R. P. Pell, in the post-graduate course of English and Anglo-Saxon.

The Degree of Bachelor of Laws has been conferred upon Messrs. R. A. Doughton, W. C. Ervin, R. S. McCall, L. E. Mauney and James Pender.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferreed upon Messrs. T. H. Battle, A. L. Coble, L. Craig, H. E. Faison, Ernest Haywood, R. B. John, A. L. Philips, R. Ramsom, B. C. Sharpe, W. R. Slade, L. C. Vaughan.

The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy has been conferred upon Messrs. C. B. Abcock, W. A. Betts, T. C. Brooks, C. C. Cobb.

L. L. D.—Hon. W. N. H. Smith, Chief Justice of N. C.; Hon David Schenk, Judge of the Superior Court.

D. D.—Rev. Daniel McGilvary, Missionary to Bangkoke; Thomas G. Starr, Richmond, Va., Rev. J. M. Atkinson, of Raleigh; Rev. E. Rondthaler, of Salem.

A. M.—Dr. W. H. Hall, N. Y., of the class of 1855; Albert M. Boorer, Esq., Columbia, S. C.; Prof. Thos. L. Norwood, of Texas and Thomas W. Harris, of Chapel Hill, 1857; Rev. Isaac W. Clarke, of Texas, of 1861.—*News.*

DEATH OF COL. R. G. A. LOVE.—This gentlemen, on Monday last, while riding between Waynesville and the White Sulphur Springs, fell from his horse with an apoleptic seizure to which he was subject and died within fifteen minutes. He was about fifty-four years of age, was a brother of Dr. Sam Love, the State Auditor, and has during his life, represented Haywood county in both branches of the Legislature.—*Citizen.*

—Mrs. Sarah Leigh Hogg, aged 81 years, died in Raleigh last Monday. Having no children of her own, during life time she adopted and reared ten children, of whom six were orphans.

GENERAL NEWS.

—The Nicaraguan Congress granted to the American company the right to construct an inter-oceanic ship canal across the Isthmus.

—Gen. Johnson Hagood was ananimously nominated for Governor of South Carolina in the Democratic State Convention that met at Columbia, South Carolina.

—Hon. Jefferson Davis's plantation at Hurricane, Mississippi, is leased by Montgomery & Sons. This firm is composed of four negroes who were formerly owned by a brother of the ex-President of the Confederacy. They own plantations worth $75,000, hire several more and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg.

—The Constitution of Kentucky excludes colored men from juries, no alterations having ever been made to make it conform with the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. Juries have all along been entirely white in that State. Judge Barr of the United States Court has decided that convictions by such juries are void. If that doctrine is carried out all Kentucky convicts can gain their freedom.

—William Jones, aged 89, died in Ohio last week. He was the first maker of friction matches. About half a century ago he pasted with starch on the ends of small and rudely fashioned bits of sticks, a compound of chlorate of potash and sulphate of antimony. At first his matches were made like a comb, a number of them being on the same piece of wood, so that they could be broken off as wanted. They bore the name of Lucifer—or "light-bearer."

—Mr. Henry G. Vennor comes forward again with his direful phrophesies of storms, heat, cold, etc. His letter is dated at Montreal, May 18, and in it he says: "I believe that June will be an intensely hot month on the whole, but the end of the present month, and probably the 'first of June,' will be fall-like, with frosts again. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall-like relapse, with frosts, will, in all likelihood, occur a few days before the 20th. I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July. I must claim the verification of my prediction relative to a cold wave, with frosts, over a large portion of the United States between the 10th and 15th of May.' The relapse toward the close of the present month will be more severe than that just past."

TOBACCO.—Work for the planter for this month is of a routine character and must be fully understood by every novice in tobacco culture. Plant your tobacco as fast as you can, keep down the grass. It is not too early even now for the planters to begin at least to prepare their minds upon the curing of tobacco. The old fashion of curing tobacco upon scaffolds in the open air ought to be now a thing of the past. Small barns, 18 by 24ft., 12ft. pitch, is now the improved method, with furnaces for curing red or yellow tobacco. With furnaces the planter has entire control of his tobacco; without them he is subject to the capriciousness of the weather; and then the chances against him are not less than ten to one.

—On Saturday, of last week, the anniversary of the battle of Alamance, which was fought in 1771, was observed at the battle ground near Graham. Some 300 persons were present. J. L. Scott, Esq., opened the exercises, using a gavel made from a tree cut at the grave of Herman Husbands. Rev. W. S. Long opened the exercises with prayer. Col. T. M. Holt delivered an address of welcome. Judge Fowle followed next with a speech brim full of patriotism and eloquence. Hon. John Manning made a speech, after which the monument was unveiled. The monument is an obelisk of granite quarried in the county. It bears the following inscription: "Here was fought the battle of Alamance, May 16th, 1771, between the Regulators and the British. This was the first battle of the revolution. Liberty, 1880." After dinner, speeches were made by Hons. Kemp P. Battle and D. F. Caldwell.

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symtoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*Ex.*

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 30 to $1 40
Wheat, (red) " "	1 20 to 1 30
Corn, per bushel,	65 to 70
Oats, " "	40 to 50
Rye, "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	75 to 80
Flour, per hundred	3 25 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	55 to 60
Peas, (white,) " "	65 to 70
Beans, (col'd,) " "	40 to 60
Beans, (white,)" "	75 to 90
Onion Setts, per bushel	60 to 00
Pork	6 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 9
" Hams	10 to 00
Green Apples per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	10 to 12½
Butter, per pound	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	7 to 8
Beeswax," "	20 to 00
Flax Seed, per bushel	1 00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	65 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	75 to 80
Cabbage, per pound	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen	0 00 to 0 00
Hay, per hundred	50 to 60
Fodder, per hundred bdls	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Winston, N. C., June 9, 1880.

Lugs, Common green	2 50 to 3 00
" Good working	5 00 to 6 00
Fillers, Common leafy	5 50 to 7 00
" Good leafy	7 50 to 9 00
" Rich, waxy	10 00 to 12 00
Smokers, Common	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	7 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
" Fancy	16 00 to 20 00
Rich, bright leaf	8 00 to 12 00
Sun cured fillers	7 00 to 11 00
Wrappers, Common bright	12 00 to 15 00
" Good bright	25 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	50 00, 60 00 to 75 00
" Good red	12 00 to 16 00
Mahogany wrappers, common	14 00 to 18 00
" " good	20 00 to 50 00
" " fine	35 00 40 00 to 40 00

Breaks are very respectable both in quantity and quality. The offerings are chiefly of the manufacturing grades. Prices gave way a little last week, but are fully up to quotations this week. Mahogany wrappers are much sought after at outside figures. Fine and fancy smokers are very scarce and much wanted.

CHARLOTTE, June. 9.—Flour $3 25 a $3.25. Wheat 1 26 1a30. Corn 65 a 67. Oats 44 a 00. Bacon 7¼ a 00. Potatoes, sweet, $0 00 a 0.

NEW YORK, June. 7.—Flour 5 00 a 5 90 Wheat $1 15 a $1 26. Corn 53 a 55. Oats 43 a 00.

CINCINNATI, June. 1.—Wheat 1 13 a 1 13; Corn 40 a 00; Oats, 36 a 00; Flour, $5 00 a 5 30.

Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.

Through the Savannah *Morning News* we learn that Ludden & Bates' Great Southern Music House will remove July 1 next, to their new double store, corner Congress and Whitaker Streets. They will then have two large four story stores thrown into one and conveniently arranged for their extended business (which was doubled in the past two year), and which will give the largest and finest Musical Warerooms in the entire South. The music trade of this staunch old house is immense and Savannah may well be proud of possessing such an exponent of her claims as a Southern music and high art centre. There is no firm in the South who have done so much towards the dvelopment of musical interest and culture as Messrs. Ludden & Bates, and we congratulate them on their spendid success. Men who show thrmselves so enterprising, accomodating and honorable in all business tranactions deserve success and generally get it. We are glad to give them our full endorsement and advise our readers that they can safely and profitably patronize them.

—NEW AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS from 5 cents to $1.50 at the Bookstore. These are the genuine Albums. No fac simile autographs, but intended for the legitimate purpose of recording the genuine autographs of friends. Some are illustrated with beautiful blank scrolls and bouquets of flowers.

CHICKENS.—Persons wishing good pure stock of Houdan hens and rooster can be accommodated by calling at the Salem Bookstore. These chickens are good layers, equal if not superior to any others.

PERRY DAVIS'

VEGETABLE

PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY

For Internal and External Use,

Is a SURE CURE for all the Diseases for which it is recommended, and is ALWAYS PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords *instant relief in the most malignant forms* of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

THE OLDEST, BEST, AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

It has been used with such wonderful success *in all parts of the world* for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS, *that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.*

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF 40 YEARS' CONSTANT USE IN ALL COUNTRIES AND CLIMATES.

It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short, by Everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.

It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and *brings speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, Scalds, etc.

NO FAMILY CAN SAFELY BE WITHOUT IT. It will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills, and its price brings it within the reach of all. It is sold at 25c. 50c. and $1.00 a bottle, and can be obtained from all druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

Proprietors.

A. C. VOGLER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

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CASKETS, &c.,

MAIN STREET.

SALEM, N. C.

I have a new HEARSE and am prepared to attend burials at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Undertaking in all its branches. A. C. V

May 6, 1880.—18

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26-12-1 year.

1880. 1880.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c,

for the Spring and Summer of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., April 8, 1880.

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Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

LAND FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land, lying about 1 mile South-east of Salem, adjoining the lands of A. V. D. Lee and Harrison Reed, is offered for sale.

The tract contains about

FIFTY-FIVE ACRES,

30 of which is well timbered woodland.

The soil is well adapted for wheat, corn or tobacco.

W. A. REICH.

Salem, N. C., March 11, 1880.

FLORAL PANEL PICTURES, LILIES OF THE VALLEY, ROSES and DAISES, CALLA LILIES, Beautiful ornaments at the BOOKSTORE.

SUPERLATIVE

BAKING POWDER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Absolutely Pure.

THE SUPERLATIVE BAKING POWDER is the standard article of the *United States* for strength and purity. The best article for general baking purposes.

It is the Cook's Favorite.

Warranted perfectly pure and superior to any thing of the kind now in the market, for healthfulness and strength, producing at all times the

Most Delicious Cookery.

For sale by Grocers or sent direct by mail on receipt of sixty (60) cents for one pound cans. Sold in Cans only.

Full Strength Guaranteed.

Address

SUPERLATIVE

Baking Powder Company,

143 Chambers St., New York.

Show this to your Grocer.

April 1, 1880.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 16, 1880.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 45. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	3 50 a m	4 10 p m	.....
" Salisbury	6 03 a m	5 55 p m	.....
" High Point	7 31 a m	7 08 p m	.....
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	7 37 p m	.....
Leave Greensboro	8 20 a m	.....	5 00 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	10 23 a m	.....	10 22 p m
" Durham	11 02 a m	.....	11 57 a m
" Raleigh	12 20 p m	.....	3 00 a m
Leave "	3 40 p m	6 00 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	6 00 p m	10 00 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 45.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 16, 1880.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	10 10 a m	6 34 p m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 25 p m	10 45 p m	.....
Leave "	3 35 p m	.....	7 00 a m
Arrive Durham	4 44 p m	.....	9 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 20 p m	.....	11 07 a m
" Greensboro	7 40 p m	.....	3 45 p m
Leave "	8 21 p m	6 31 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	8 55 p m	7 31 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 16 p m	9 15 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 27 a m	11 17 a m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line June. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-east.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday		8 50 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" "	10 00 p m
Arrive Salem	" "	10 50 p m
Leave Salem	" "	5 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" "	5 40 p m
Arrive Greensboro	" "	7 00 p m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change,

Run both ways with Trains Nos. 48 and 47, between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta; and on Trains Nos. 42 and 45 between Boston and Savannah.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to points in Arkansas and Texas, address

J. R. MACMURDO,

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va.

FLAGG'S

IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!

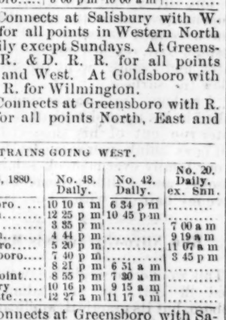
NEVER GETS HARD.

CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED. LAST TWICE AS LONG.

Diseases Cured without Drugging the System.

CURES

Chills and Fever, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Sick & Nervous Headache.



These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the Great Nerve Centres, also the Liver and Stomach. A gentle Vegetable Tonic is absorbed into the circulation of the Blood and Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PADS $1 AND $2 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail or Express,

Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST. BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale in Winston at the Drug Stores of Montague & Gray, and S. H. Smith.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00, p. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 10:50 p. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes every day except Sunday, at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 10, a. m.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend. Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday and Saturday by 2, p. m.

FRIEDBERG Mail closes every Tuesday and Friday at 6.30, A. M. Due Wednesday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Ludden & Bates' Grand Clearing Out Sale--The one grand chance of a lifetime to buy a fine Piano or Organ "awful cheap."

Commencing May 15 and ending July 1. To save heavy expense and labor of removing to our New Double Four Story Store, July 1, we offer our entire stock of Pianos and Organs now on hand and to arrive before removal, consisting of 27 Chickering, 50 Mathushek, 21 Lighte & Co., 5 Hallet & Davis, 62 Southern Gem, 10 Favorite, 28 Guild & Church Pianos. 110 Mason & Hamlin, 100 Peloubet & Co. 44 Sterling Organs. All new and just from the Factory. Also 100 Second Handed Pianos and Organs, nearly all used only from one to six months, and precisely as good as new. All to be closed out by July 1 at Manufacture's Wholesale Rates. We can't and won't move them. Don't miss this chance. Address us for "Clearing Out Sale Circulars and Prices," and be quick about it too. Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE DEED, executed by B. F. Crosland and wife, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Forsyth County, North Carolina, in Book 9, I will sell on the 24th day of June, 1880, at public auction, at the Court-house door, in the town of Winston, N. C., the following real estate described in said mortgage, to-wit: A lot or parcel of land, situate in the town of Winston, and bounded as follows: Beginning on corner of Main and Third street, and running thence East on Third street 100 feet; thence North with A. B. Gorrell's line, 60 feet, to Martin Grogan's corner; thence with said Grogan's line West 30 feet; thence South 30 feet to P. A. Wilson's and B. F. Crosland's corner; thence West with said Wilson and Crosland's line, 70 feet to Main street; thence South with said street, 30 feet to the beginning, being a part of Lot No. 60, in the plan of said town of Winston, containing 3,900 square feet, more or less.

Terms of sale cash. Time of sale 12, M., June 24, 1880.

T. R. PURNELL,

May 20, 1880. Attorney for Mortgagee.

The Event of the Season.

On MARCH 10TH, 1880, will be published the FIRST NUMBER of

RIDLEY'S

Fashion Magazine,

CONTAINING IN ITS

100 Large Quarto Pages,

INTERESTING STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE USEFUL HOME ARTICLES; AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE SKETCHES; TWO MAMMOTH FASHION PLATES; PROFUSE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHION OF THE DAY

With the LOWEST NEW YORK PRICES of each article, *clearly stated*, affording an OPPORTUNITY OF SHOPPING IN AN INTELLIGENT and ECONOMICAL MANNER.

Single Number 15 *cts.* 50 *cts. per Year.*

Parties intending to subscribe for any paper or Magazine, should write us for *Our Economy Combination Circular*; by which money may be saved, and the FASHION MAGAZINE obtained free.

Extraordinary Inducements to Agents for 1880.

Address,

EDWD. RIDLEY & SONS.

309, 311, 311½ Grand Street, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70 Allen Street, New York City, N. Y.

CHEAP BOOKS.—We will continue our sale of some miscellaneous books at very low prices until July 1st, when regular retail prices will be asked. Now is the time to come and see or order by mail.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Other Pianos wear out

BUT THEY GO ON FOREVER.

VICTORS in all great contests and for 53 years past the acknowledged Standard of the World. Musical Perfection, Wonderful Durability and Reasonable Cost. True economy indicates purchase of a genuine Chickering and no other.

LAST CHANCE TO BUY CHEAP

Chickering & Sons largely advanced their prices Feb. 1. Our old contracts expire April 1, and we will fill all orders received before that date at old rates. Our prices now are positively the lowest in America. Order now and save from $50 to $300 on the purchase. Present rates guaranteed only to April 1.

LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga. Or Wholesale Agents for Ga., Fla., S. C., N. C., & Ala.

PIANOS & ORGANS

FROM FACTORY TO PURCHASER,

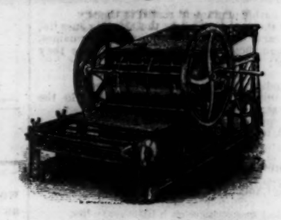
EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT

Ludden & Bates' Grand Introduction Sale continued until Nov. 1, 1880. Only sale of the kind ever successfully carried on in America. 5,000 superb instruments at factory rates for Introduction and Advertisement. New plan of selling: No Agents! No Commissions! Instruments shipped direct from Factory to purchasers. Middle man's profits saved. Agent's rates to all. Only house South selling on this plan. PIANOS, 7 oct. $125, 7½ oct. $155; Square Grands, $227. ORGANS, 9 stops, $57; 13 stops, $72; 13 stops, Mirror Top Case, $85. New, handsome, durable. 6 years guarantee. 15 days test trial. Purchasers choice from *ten leading makers and 300 different styles.* Join this gigantic club of 5,000 purchasers and secure an instrument at wholesale rates. Special terms to *Music Teachers, Churches, and Pastors.* Address for Introduction Sale circulars,

LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga.

THE SALEM

Printing Office.



Having been engaged in the PRINTING BUSINESS, uninterruptedly for many years, we flatter ourselves that our experience enables us to execute

PRINTING

of every description, in the most satisfactory manner and at prices that will compare favorably with the

Best and Neatest Work

of the Northern Cities.

Our prices are as low, and often lower, than similar work can be done in larger establishments.

We can print at short notice

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, CARDS, RECEIPTS, BLANKS, POSTERS, CHECKS, TAGS, LABELS, NOTE, LETTER and BILLHEADS, RECEIPTS and CARDS in PLAIN or FANCY COLORS.

SAMPLES OF OUR WORK

can always be examined at the Office.

Our office is supplied with excellent material, of the latest style, good and fast presses, which enables us to execute work promptly at

REDUCED PRICES.

Don't fail to give us a trial before having your printing done elsewhere.

Thanking our numerous friends for their liberal patronage heretofore received, we hope to continue to be favored with a fair share of work in our line.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., April, 1880.

We publish

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS,

$1 50 a year.

BLUM'S

FARMER'S AND PLANTER'S

ALMANAC,

having the largest circulation in the State.

Sold everywhere.

GUIDE BOOK

OF

NORTH WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

New edition ready May 15th.

We print

THE ACADEMY,

A Monthly School Journal

OF SALEM ACADEMY.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

ANNUAL CATALOGUE

OF

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

and refer the public to these publications as specimens of our work.

THE RALEIGH OBSERVER,

A Daily and Weekly

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER,

Published in Raleigh

BY S. A. ASHE.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

Daily Observer, one year		$6 00
" "	six months	3 50
" "	three months	2 00
Weekly "	one year	2 00
" "	six months	1 00

Address

THE OBSERVER.

Raleigh, N. C.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Mary A. Mangum, on the 13th day of March, A. D., 1880,—NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Mary A. Mangum, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection; And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me for settlement on or before the 20th day of March, 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. N. S. COOK,

Public Adm'r. of Forsyth County.

March 13th, 1880.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby forbidden to trespass in any manner upon our lands, or to remove anything whatever from the land unless first having permission from the undersigned.

COOPER & HENDRICKS.

December 9, 1879. tf.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Winston Railroad subscription was carried by a considerable majority, at the election held on Monday. The Graded School was also carried by a large majority. The total number of registered voters was 597.

For Railroad subscription	398
Against R. R. "	13
For Graded School	373
Against Graded School	4

—The mails on the following routes will be carried by the following persons:

From Salem to Fulton, twice a week, Solomon Chitty.

From Salem to Danbury, daily, Charles Burr.

From Salem to Rockford, three times a week, John Burr.

From Salem to Yadkinville, daily, Snodgrass, Thomas & Co.

From Salem to Mount Airy, daily, Sawyer & Co.

—Miss Tennie Keehln is at home for the Summer vacation.

—The public square has been mown, and now presents a handsome appearance.

—A splendid assortment of Toy Books at the Salem Bookstore.

—*Green* apples, with the bud sticking on the end of them, find their way into the market.

—Miss Lida Merrell, daughter of Samuel Merrell, of Raleigh, is visiting friends in this place.

So far the warm spell of weather has been of short duration. The nights have been pleasant.

—Rev. J. B. Lineback called on us on his way home from his western tour. He seems well pleased with the country.

—Wm. Barrow, with a number of hands, is preparing a race course on the site of the exploded Fair Ground, near Waughtown.

—Dr. Siewers removed a tumor or wen from the face of H. T. Beroth, of Lewisville township, being a fourth similar operation.

—Wheat harvesting has began in earnest, and prospect for a good crop seems fair, although much complaint is made of falling.

—The largest display of NEW BOOKS and FANCY GOODS ever offered at the Bookstore.

—Mrs. Newsom, of Waughtown, brings very fine strawberries to market. We have seen and tasted some recently that can't be beat.

—The Entertainment at the close of the session of Salem Boy's School will take place on Friday night, in the Moravian Church.

—The Mayor is putting in a substantial culvert on New Shallowford street. It was very necessary the crossing should be made as safe as possible.

—We are pleased to see that Col. Buford has attached another car to the Salem train. This comfort will be duly appreciated by the traveling public.

—We learn that H. A. Siddall has entered the ranks of the commercial travelers. Henry has firstrate business qualifications and we wish him much success.

—Next Sunday the usual sermon previous to the Academy Commencement, will be preached by Rev. E. Rondthaler, in the Moravian Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

—Miss B. Combs Wood gave a series of readings in Tise's Hall, on Tuesday evening last, to an appreciative audience. The readings were excellent. Miss Wood is at Salem Hotel.

—Dr. Albert Webb has located in Waughtown for the practice of medicine. This is Dr. Webb's old location, where he is well known, and his friends will no doubt encourage him.

—Robbing birds' nests of their eggs is still carried on not only by the boys, but some grown persons are engaged in it. It is wrong to rob the birds of their eggs, and it is a very low calling, no matter who engages in it.

—Col. A. H. Belo is rusticating at the German watering places. We hope his health will be much improved by the healing waters. The incessant strain upon his mental as well as physical faculties have rendered rest necessary.

—We congratulate Rev. E. Rondthaler, the worthy pastor of the Moravian Church, at this place, upon the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of North Carolina. It was a pleasant surprise to the Rev. gentleman, and a merited compliment to him and the church he represents.

—Waughtown Sunday School is in a flourishing condition. The following officers were elected on Sunday last:

Rowan Charles, *Superintendent.*
W. W. Phillips, *Secretary.*
Harmon Hinsdale, *Treasurer.*
C. A. Clodfelter. *Librarian.*

—We regret to learn that considerable sickness is prevalent in the New Friendship neighborhood. Mrs. Alexander Bodenhammer is very sick. There are also several cases of typhoid fever in the vicinity of Old Town. Jos. Hine moved his daughter to Winston for better medical treatment.

HANDS WANTED.

Girls wishing work in a Cotton Factory should see or write to

F. & H. FRIES,
Salem, N. C.

—A certain man, who had been asked by nearly every person he met, on Monday, if he had heard anything from Chicago, cut some of his interrogaters off by answering: "Yes, the latest news is that the Convention had agreed—" "Ah! upon what terms," quickly asked a bystander. "'Agreed to send for a couple of gallons of old rye,'" answered the man, and the bystander went off and "sold" several others.

—Collection of Internal Revenue, Fifth District of N. C., for the week ending Saturday, June 5th, 1880:

Monday	$2,629 16
Tuesday	2,243.57
Wednesday	3,105.08
Thursday	3,260.78
Friday	1,916.04
Saturday	3,478.60
Total	$16,633.23

—We acknowledge the receipt of a letter from our young friend, J. F. Reich, lately of this vicinity, and now in Texas, which appears in another column. He also sends us a copy of the Bonham *News*, "storm edition," containing detailed statements of the recent destructive storm at Savoy, Texas. We are always glad to hear from our absent friends, and return thanks to John for his newsy letter.

—A very malignant fever has been raging in the families of Joseph Hine, near Old Town, and his son, Frank Hine, in the village. It first broke out in the family of the latter, removing by death his wife. After prostrating him by the same sickness, from which he recovered about the close of the year, it astacked the members of his father's family, three of whom, his wife and two sons, Charlie and Johnnie, fell victims of the disease. Z.

—25 FINEST CARDS, with name neatly printed, sent by mail, to any address, for 60 cents.

—When a certain young friend of ours hired a horse for a day for seventy-five cents, he considered it reasonable enough, but when the same horse, after getting back from his trip next day, was taken, through mistake, to a livery stable instead of its owner, and twenty-five cents a meal charged for its board, for two days, before the mistake was found out, he considers it somewhat expensive, not counting in the twenty-five cents paid to the darkey who made the mistake. Ask our friend K. about it.

—A list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., June 1st, 1880.

R. H. Bodenhamer, Franklin Ball, E. B. Cassel, Miss Augusta Crouse, Mrs. Lizzie Crouch, Miss M. A. Eccles, Edward Foltz, Mrs. Bell Glasscoe, J. J. Helmstetler, R. B. Hasten, George Mitcham, A. D. McCarter, W. H. Newell, Miss Jane Pendry, Andrew Tysinger. H. W. SHORE, P. M.

—Gov. Vance's adage, that a boy will walk *two* miles to catch a horse to ride *one* mile, was verified by two youths, of this place, one day last week. They thought to take a ride on the gravel train, and jump off after going a short distance; but the train ran too fast for them to jump off, and they were taken nearly to Kernersville before they could get off. The consequence was several miles of weary walking for a little riding, and a great deal of vexation to see the same train come in just as they got back to town.

☞ WANTED!
40,000 SPOKES IMMEDIATELY,
at Waughtown.

ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT.

Concert Wednesday, June 16th. The following Programme will be observed:

PART I.

1. Chorus.—Sweet Memory. Waltz Terzet.....*Lob.*
Singing Class.
2. La Baladine. Galop.....*Lysberg.*
Misses J. Winkler and C. Walston.
3. St. Agnes' Eve. Alto Solo. Piano and Organ accompaniment.....*Sullivan.*
Miss Patterson.
4. Fantaisie (for 8 hands). Norama..*Alberti.*
Misses Pritchet, Pace, L. Bitting & Booe.
5. Cara Italia. Vocal Duet.....*Campana.*
Misses K. Jones and Raine.
6. Miserere. Trovatore. Piana Solo..*Osborne.*
Miss Smith.
7. Scena e Cavasina. Ernani.....*Verdi.*
Miss Glenn.
8. Martha. Piano Solo.....*Ascher.*
Miss Pinkham.
9. Mia Madre. Trio.....*Campana.*
Misses Mickey, Fries and Patterson.
10. Turkish March. Advance and March Past of Turkish Guards.....*Michaelles.*
Misses C. and S. Dulin.
11. Chorus.—Mighty Jehovah. I Martriri—*Donizetti.*
Singing Class.

PART II.

1. Chorus.—Hope.....*Rossini.*
Singing Class.
2. Grand Duet for 2 Pianos. Faust...*Alberti.*
Miss Bobbitt and Prof. D'Anna.
3. "He, the best of all, the noblest. Alto Solo.....*Schumann.*
Miss Lineback.
4. Fantaisie de Concert. Titania.....*Wely.*
Miss Raine.
5. Ve' com'é bello il mar. Vocal Duet—*Guglielmo*
Misses Patterson and Lineback.
6. Romanza. Alice. Transcript de Concert.....*Ascher.*
Miss Vest.
7. Cavatina. Roberto, o tu che adoro—*Meyerbeer.*
Miss Mickey.
8. Comic Duet from L'Elisir d'Amore—*Donizetti.*
Miss Glenn and Prof. D'Anna.
9. Grand Overture to Rossins's—The Siege of Corinth.....*Burchard.*
Misses Vest, Bobbitt, Van Vleck, and Prof. D'Anna.
10. Te sol quest'anima. Trio.....*Verdi*
Misses Mickey and Glenn and Prof. D'Anna.
11. Pilgrim Chorus. Lombardi.....*Verdi.*
Singing Class.

Singing Class assisted by Messrs. Bahnson, Pfohl, Lineback, Lichtenthæler, Vogler and Crist, *Tenors;* and Messrs. Hall, Fries and Ebert, *Basses.*

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
June 17th
at close of Seventy-Sixth Annual Session.

Grand Duet.—William Tell.....*Ascher.*
Reading of Scripture and Prayer.
Salutary Address, Miss Davis.
Serenade.—Solo. Organ and Piano accompaniment.....*Brana.*
Our Native Land, and Woman's Work.—Essays. Miss Smith and Miss Winkler.
Grand Duet.—La Traviata.....*Alberti.*
The Taste for the Beautiful, and Cooking.—Essays.—Miss Vest and Miss Raine.
Una Notte in Venezia. Duet.....*Ardili.*
Annual Address.
President Battle, of the University of N. C.
Presentation of Diplomas to Graduating Class.
Rev. E. Rondthaler.
Fête Militaire.....*Smith.*
Valedictory Address.
Miss Bobbitt.
The last Rose of Summer. Song.
Doxology and Benediction.

The Seventy-Seventh Annual Session will begin Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1880.

—A good home-made BUGGY and as good as new SADDLE and BRIDLE for sale. Enquire at the Bookstore.

Commissioners' Court.

Ordered by the Board, that the well in the Court-House square be put in order. T. T. Best to superintend the same.

N. A. Whitman and J. W. Kregar qualified as Deputy Sheriffs.

Ordered that the County Treasurer be directed to pay $40 out of general county fund for work done on the Court-House square.

Ordered that the Court-House be ceiled overhead, and the job let out to the lowest bidder, under the direction of T. T. Best.

The Winston town authorities were authorized to protect shrubbery in the Court-House square.

An unusually large number of pauper claims were presented and ordered to be paid.

A number of persons were released from stock law tax.

—A few days ago, an honest cordwainer, living near Five Forks, laid aside his pegging awl and hammer, and bunching together some eight or nine fishing poles and providing himself with *some* other necessaries, generally used on fishing excursions, started out to find a certain mill-pond. Not knowing exactly whereabouts the pond was located, he enquired at a house he was passing, and was informed by the lady of the house what road he should take to find it, and thanking her he went on his way, with visions of big eels and cat-fish flitting before him. After going some distance, and making a good many circles, but not finding the pond, he again came to a house and inquired of a lady if she could inform him which way he should go to find the pond. "Mercy, man!" exclaimed the lady, "have you not found it yet? why I told you more than an hour ago which way to go." In a moment the worthy son of Crispin became aware that in his wanderings he had got in the rear, and was asking for information at the *back door* of the *same* house where he had first inquired. Bidding his informant a hasty adieu, he shouldered his poles and made rapid strides, not to find the pond, but to get home; and we have it from good authority that our knight of the wax-end declares he will never go about hunting for mill ponds again that he knows nothing about.

ROSEDALE, N. C., June 4th, 1880.

Editors People's Press:—Please allow an old friend to bring before your section of the State the name of a most worthy gentleman, for the office of Auditor. The gentleman to whom I allude, is Maj. Thomas Sparrow, of Beaufort County. Maj. Sparrow is singularly modest and forgetful of self, but has always promptly responded to every call of his country. He had already made his mark in the Legislature before the war. When that came on he went into the fighting part of the service, and remained there until the end. The crowning act, however, of his public services, was his connection with the celebrated Holden impeachment, an act that will forever stand as a warning to high officials in North Carolina against tyrany and lawless oppression. It is not too much to say that Maj. Sparrow was the soul of that prosecution. He was, as everybody knows, the manager of the impeachment, and his great speech on the trial, before the Senate, gave him a State reputation. He has never asked anything at the hands of his party, but those who remember, and have enjoyed the benefits of his great services in behalf of civil liberty, will, I hope, manifest their gratitude by bestowing on him, in the State Convention, a spontaneous and unanimous nomination for the office of Auditor. His name will be an element of strength to any ticket that can be put before the people. W.

BONHAM, TEXAS, June 2nd, 1880.

Editors Press:—It always gives me pleasure to write to persons with whom I am acquainted, and especially those at my native home. I have been in the State of Texas about six months, and find that I like it very well. Texas is a very fine country, especially at this season of the year. It has a very rich and productive soil. Crops are looking fine. Corn is coming in silk and tassel. Wheat harvest is in full blast, though there is a good deal of it that will be lost on account of the wet weather. Cotton is looking fine, though I may say it "is in the grass."

We have had a great deal of rain, doing damage to nearly everything. Very heavy storms have been passing, and we have had our share also. A cyclone passed through Savoy Friday night last, sweeping the little town of 300 inhabitants on the railroad, West of here, almost entirely away. On Monday, I with a number of others, as it is every day from this place, went to Savoy to nurse the wounded, which number, if I am correctly informed, about 40. It is terrible, worse than any one can imagine. It killed eight or ten outright, and wounded about forty, of which some two or three have died, and a number of them are not expected to survive. I remained there from Monday evening till Tuesday evening waiting on the wounded. Some had their arms broken, some their legs, others their skulls cracked and their bodies bruised by the flying timbers. It also killed cows, hogs, dogs, chickens, and even pigeons. It passed through the town in a North-easterly direction, destroying everything in its way, and many things have been found, if it is truly stated, twelve mile away.

Yours truly,
J. F. REICH.

MARRIED.

In Winston on Sunday evening 30th ult., by Rev. H. A. Brown, Mr. NELSON COOK to Miss R. A. LEMONS.

When Nelse was asked his choice,
A smile spread o'er his phiz;
And in his usual clever voice,
Chose Lemon-aid for his.

At Yadkinville, May 30th, by Esquire Macy, Major A. DOUGLASS to Miss MATTIE MACKY, of Yadkinville.

In the Moravian Church, in this place, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. E. Rondthaler, Mr. L. A. CORE to Miss ELLIE L. REICH, daughter of G. A. Reich, of this place.

The usual printer's fee is duly acknowledged, and the PRESS extends warmest congratulations, and wishes them a long and hapy life.

DIED.

On the 1st inst., near Old Town, of malignant typhus fever, JOHN JOSEPH HINE, Jr., aged 19 years.

In Stokes County, on the 6th inst., Mr. A. B. DALTON, father of D. N. Dalton, aged 76 years.

Near Mount Vernon, Davidson County, on Monday, June 7th, Mrs. ELIZABETH STEWART, wife of John Stewart, aged about 50 years.

In Davidson County, on the 8th instant, near Pleasant Retreat, infant of Alfonzo Libengood.

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' FINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of **J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON,** at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH, thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

H. W. FRIES.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Hinshaw Brothers,

SHALLOWFORD ST., (OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE).

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAS BEEN CROWNED with success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former storehouse, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store-rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail and made it very complete and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade both wholesale and retail a stock, in quality, variety and magnitude, never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Calicos, Lawns, Piques, Linens, Poplins, Worsteds, Cashmeres, Silks, Grasscloths, Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Jaconets, Bl'ched Domestic, Ladies' Ties, Ladies' Collars, Ladies' Cuffs, Ladies' Hosiery, Ladies' H'dfs, Ladies' Ruffs, Ladies' Shawls, Ladies' Kid Gloves, Perfumery, Ribbons, Insertings, Hamburg Edgings, Plaids, Sheetings, Cotton Yarns, Drillings, Cambrics, Osnabergs, Flannels, Hickory Shirtings, Bed Ticking, Cottonades, Linens, Jeans, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Broadcloths, Fries' Jeans, Counterpanes, Shirts & Collars, Ties & Suspenders, Pocket Knives, Knives & Forks, Nails, Axes, Hammers, Saws, Glass, Putty, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Kettles, Mule Shoes, Horse Shoes, Mattocks, Hoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Grindstones, Oils & Lead, Varnishes, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Pat'nt Medicines, Leather, Crockery, Stationery, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Soda, Fish, Salt, Meat, Lard, Flour, Meal, Kegs, Tubs, Rope, Corn, Chop, Oats, Rye,

Paints, Notions of every description, White Goods, Trunks and Valises, Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Blankets, Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Napkins, Umbrellas, &c. A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. Coats' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us. We continue to keep

Best Assortment of ALPACAS in Town,

and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted.

It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Boots and Shoes than any house in this county.

Our Wholesale Department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.

20,000 BAGS FOR SALE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, THIS SPRING, OF

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.

Dried Fruits & Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise.

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
E. F. WALL, of Surry,
Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

Respectfully,
HINSHAW BROTHERS

April 10, 1880.

ORGANS! PIANOS! MUSIC!

AND

GENERAL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!

The people of Forsyth and surrounding Counties are invited to the

MUSIC STORE, MAIN ST., WINSTON,

to examine the stock of

FIRST-CLASS ORGANS and PIANOS.

W. P. ORMSBY is in direct connection with the leading manufacturers, and he calls the attention of all parties needing instruments, to the fact that he is established here in their own section, and as he intends making good every warrant he gives with the instrtments he sells, they will find it much safer to deal with him than with the dealers advertising from remote parts of the country.

This being a BRANCH HOUSE of the celebrated music publishers, **DITSON & CO.,** of New York, customers can select from the newest and best music of the day. All orders filled, mail free, at publishers' rates.

Pianos and Organs repaired and tuned and Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Medical Men, Mechanics and Operators all recommend the famous light-running

Domestic Sewing Machine,

for the following reasons:

It is the Lightest running.
It is the most noiseless.
It is the simplest and best made machine.
Its tension is elastic, so it breaks no thread.
It carries a larger bobbin and more thread than any other machine.
It winds the bobbin without running the machine or throwing off the driving band.
It is made with *Concentric motions and will not wear out.*

The **DOMESTIC** has gone far ahead of all other machines in all the cities of the United States, and has never before been offered in competition with cheap machines.

For terms, for **CASH** or **INSTALLMENT,** call at the Company's

BRANCH OFFICE,

in the **MUSIC STORE,** Winston, opposite the Merchants Hotel.

Old Machines taken in Exchange,

W. P. ORMSBY, **Agent.**
WINSTON, N. C.

November 13, 1879. No. 46. 6mo.

Nissen Wagon Manufacturing Co

Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.

ESTABLISHED BY J. P. NISSEN, 1834.

Post Office
SALEM, N. C.

WORKS AT
Waughtown.

Best is always cheapest in the end.

WE are better prepared for making wagons than ever before, having a much larger and better stock of thoroughly air-seasoned lumber, and the best wagon mechanics to be procured.

We employ no apprentices, and always endeavor to make

OUR WORK OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

All who use wagons must not forget that first-class work cost more and is worth more than cheap work.

We also keep a large stock of **BUILDING LUMBER and LONG LEAF SHINGLES,** at lowest prices.

Waughtown, Forsyth County, N. C., Feb 27, 1878---no9tf.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA
HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL Insurable Property, Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☞ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☜

☞ Encourage Home Institutions. ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent, at Salem, N. C.

NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C.

REMOVED TO THE BELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents, *just received*, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands.

☞ Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,
April 1880 J. BLICKENDERFER

A Lady's Response to the Toast of "The Men."

Mrs. Dunlway, of the *New Northwest* at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows:

"God bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awaken our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property, and outmaneuver us in everything. This would be a very dreary world without 'em. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it.

"As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means "matchless." They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs, and indispensable at oyster saloons; they are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sisters, and as friends they are better than women. As our father's, they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcoming and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could we'd fly for them,
We'd anything but die for them."

The Multiplied Dangers.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"You were in the war, then, Captain McKillen?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am; fought all through it."

"Is there not," she asked hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in a battle?"

"Well, yes," the Captain replied, reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around you, you know, and such careless handling of firearms as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very unsafe."

Miss Lollipop shuddered, and then resumed:

"Are not some people severely injured at times?"

"Yes," the Captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days."

And then she said she thought there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature of Iowa contemplated passing some such law at its next session.

And she said she was so glad.

The Man Who Hadn't a Cent.

Says the Lewiston *Gazette:* Capt. Broughton, of Portland, tells a story which we think too good to keep, which is as follows: Some time in '64 there was a number of army officers stopping at a hotel in Washington. Among them was a Capt. Jones, who was a first-rate fellow, a good officer, and very pompous. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of joking together at the table and elsewhere. One day at the dinner table, when the dining hall was well filled, Capt. Jones finished his dinner first, got up and walked almost to the dining hall door, when Emerson spoke to him in a loud voice, and said: "Halloo, captain! see here; I want to speak to you a minute." The captain turned and walked back to the table and bent over him, when Emerson whispered, "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you." The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up and put his fingers into his vest pocket and said, in a voice loud enough for all to hear him: "Capt. Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I had rather lend $5 to than you, but the fact is, I haven't a cent with me to-day," and turned on his heel and walked away. Emerson was the color of half a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it. He never heard the last of it, and it cost him more than $10 to treat on it.

Accidents on Prussian Railways.

The number of passengers killed in accidents on the railways of Prussia in 1878 was twelve, while forty-six was the number of the injured. The cause in eight of the fatal and in sixteen of the non-fatal cases was imprudence or want of caution on the part of the victims or sufferers themselves in entering or alighting from the carriages. The deaths were only one in every 9,500,000 passengers, and in the cases of injury only one in every 2,500,000 passengers. This result shows an improvement in regard to the safety of traveling on Prussian lines. The average of five normal years before the last showed that there had been one passenger in every 5,666,000 killed, and one injured in every 1,250,000 passengers. Of the railway servants and officials there was an accident last year to one in every 171, while among the railway laborers there was an accident to one in every 120. There were 93 persons who attempted suicide by laying themselves on the line, and 86 of these cases were attended with fatal results.

Coffins as Souvenirs.

The body of the late Louis Napoleon was brought to England in three coffins, the innermost one being African oak. This was inclosed in one of lead, and both were protected by a strong chest painted black. The three were left at Woodwich on the removal of the body in a new coffin to Chiselhurst. After the funeral they were carefully taken to pieces, and packed for preservation in a large box. Every piece was jealously guarded, and not a screw or a cip was lost. The box was placed in an ambulance wagon and taken to Chiselburst, M. Pietrie and Baron Corvisart following in a private carriage. The contents will be distributed as souvenirs.

In another box was placed a quantity of South African grass, in which the body had been laid, together with some other discarded material. The whole was then taken to one of the forging furnaces and thrust in. In a few moments not a vestige of it remained.

Reverse the Order.

Isn't it about time our humorous artists stopped portraying Uncle Sam as a long, lean, lank specimen of humanity, and sketching John Bull as a fat, round, jolly person, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds? Since Uncle Sam is sending Buil ship-loads of breadstuffs out of his plentiful store to keep the Briton from starving, it seems to us that the thing should be *vice versa* just now—Uncle Sam the fat person, and John Bull the lean, hungry-looking individual.

WE sat in one of our fashionable church choirs recently, and we were pleased to note with what earnestness one of the young ladies sang, "Oh, to be nothing!" She seemed to mean every word of it.

EVERY-DAY SPICERIES.

NATURE'S glazier—Jack Frost.

ARE book-worms good for bait?

A FINE sight—the sight of a rifle.

NOBODY'S child—Joshua, the son of Nun.

A PRESS Agent—the young man who throws his arm around his girl's waist.

A FAT man in summer is like one groping in darkness; he feels his weigh.

A FASHION writer tells us that "the buttoning of dresses in the back is going out of fashion." If your unmarried aunt still affects that style, you may tell her it is behind the age—if you dare to.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York *Herald*, goes to India in November, to be absent a year or more. We wonder who he'll get to write his locals for him while he's gone.—*Turner Falls Reporter.*

SHE was sensitive. Of course she was not small, but she should have kept her temper when she arose from her husband's trunk and he breathed a sigh and said, "there's a great weight off my chest."

"NEVER leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

LADY—"Why did you leave your last place?" Servant—"Well, yer see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they come to more than my wages, yer see, mum, it was a kind of impogission that I couldn't stand."

DON'T start in life without an aim. Point at something and go straight for it. If you live an animal life you will never amount to anything and will waste whatever of talent and energy you possess.

LAST September a Dubuque man and woman were married by a Justice. The other morning the woman appeared before the Squire and asked to see the marriage license. She wanted to find out her husband's name.

As an instance of the value of advertising, the Rome *Sentinel* says that a man in Clayton who lost a diary found it in the pocket of a discarded vest immediately after the advertisement was published.

THERE is one especially good feature about basket picnics, says the Detroit *Free Press.* The woman you hate always gets chased by snakes, and the man who tries to boss the excursion eats too much and is laid away with a case of colic.

A DUBUQUE woman sues a saloonkeeper for twenty-four thousand dollars damages for the loss of her drunken husband. If she gets the money she will immediately marry again and set the new man as the same kind of trap.—*Buffalo Express.*

UNDER the headline "Amusing" *Public Opinion* prints the following from London *Fun:* "If London is the wealthiest city in the world, which is the poorest? Impecuniosity." And yet Mark Twain says there is no humor in England —*New Orleans Picayune.*

A FAT French woman despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a dis appointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come, than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

WHEN a young class orator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted upon his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A LONDON newspaper relates that when a Frenchman who fell overboard from the steamer which took the Cobden Club back from Greenwich, was rescued and returned to the deck, the first thing he said was that he hoped he had not kept the steamer waiting.

AN observing New York correspondent of a Western paper notices the increase of vulgarity among the wealthy women of that city. On the last grand fashionable day in Central Park, before those who spend the entire season away from home had left the city, he counted two hundred and thirteen dogs and puppies that were driving with ladies in rich carriage costumes, and but eighty-three children.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again.
Sweet wife,
Can never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man may be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.
—*Charles Kingsley.*

BEHOLD the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these, and Jones says he thinks it was a good thing he wasn't. It's bad enough, he says, to appear in an umbrella and a pair of spurs, but the lily style of garmenture is altogether too scant forr espectability.—*Steubenville Herald.*

SMALL girl, very harshly, to her doll in a toy carriage, dolly having tumbled from the seat: "Sit right up, you horrid old thing. Don't you dare to do that again, or I'll whip you." Seeing a passer, who had approached unobserved, she modified her voice and continued in dulcet tones: "Now, sit up straight, darling, and be careful not to hurt yourself."—*Lowell Mail.*

THE PHILADELPHIA *World* gets off the following horrible story: Her name was Nelly. They had been indulging in a waltz, and as they seated themselves on the ocean side of the Sea View, her Charles devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning around and facing him, she asked: "Why am I like a certain animal in the menagerie?" He didn't know, he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned," she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and they will be married in the fall.

THEY had gathered in tears in the ante-room to weep over and discuss the virtues of the beautiful Madame de B., cut off in the flower of her age, whose body lay in the adjoining apartment. "What a pity," said a sympathizing friend, "for her to die in the flower of her age, at twenty-eight!" "Thirty," said a cousin of the deceased, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, gave way to a fresh burst of grief.—*Boston Courier.*

THE New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* tells of a young woman whose papa allowed her to buy what she pleased for her wedding outfit, and then had the bill to pay for twenty dresses, four hats and bonnets, eighteen complete suits of under and night garments, two dozen pair of Lisle-thread and silk stockings, two dozen pair of mitts and summer gloves, two dozen pair of kid gloves, handkerchiefs, ties, ribbons, and hundreds of minor accessories.

The Law of Matrimony.

[Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.]

A few days ago an old negro man arrived in the city from St. Louis in search of his before-the-war wife. The old man went off into the war with his master, but, undergoing a change politically, deserted him and embraced the emancipation cause; and now, after so long a time, he comes back to the scenes of his childhood. After making a great many inquiries he learned that his wife had married again and that she and her husband was living down on Second-street. Arriving at the designated house, the old man, stiff with rheumatism, hobbled up the narrow steps and fell against the door, which, yielding to the weight of his body, opened. Sitting near the window was a tall, bony woman. Near the fireplace, rubbing a fiddle with a greasy woolen rag, sat a man.

"It seems ter me like," said the visitor, dropping down on a trunk, "that you uster be my wife afore de wah."

"Bless de Lord," exclaimed the woman, "it's beginnin' to hitch onto me in de same direction."

"What does dis prankin' mean?" said the last husband, dropping the rag and throwing the fiddle on the bed. "'Splain yourselves."

"Dis 'oman uster be my nat'ral wife, and I've come heah ter see if we can't make sorter 'rangements in regard to it."

"Ole man," said the last edition of matrimony, "de bes' and mos' p'lite thing is for yer to go 'way an' 'ten' ter yer business. Dis 'oman an' myself understand each other putty tolerable well, and de bes' thing is fer yer to lef' us."

"Daniel," said the woman, "when yer was young yer was a pretty square sort of feller, but now de rhenmatiz cotch yer, and fore God I doan' wanter rheumatized man. Dan, you's bow-laigged at bes'. 'Sides all dat, I'se changed my 'ligion."

"Let me sight yer to a parable in the law, 'cordin' to Blackstone," said the second husband. "De firs' deed and de las' will am de mos' powerful. De fir' deed am subject to be last will. Wasn't it a deed when yer married dis 'oman? wan't the act of marryin' her a deed?"

"Tubber shoah," said the first husband, reflectingly.

"Wan't our marriage a will? Wan't it de 'oman's will dat she married me? Answer de question squarely?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, 'cordin' to de law, de 'oman's mine."

"Dat's a fac', Dan," said the woman.

"Ain't yer gwine to give me no allum money?' asked Dan.

"De law don't mention dat," said the victorious husband.

Dan arose from the trunk and looked around the room. A tear stood in his eye. Suddenly his face brightened.

"Gin' me dat catfish ober dar and I'll leab you."

"De law don't mention de fish, but I'll gin' it ter you."

Daniel picked up the fish, ran his fingers through its gills, and passed out into the street.

A Cheerful Wife.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evening when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her little bill of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to the girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband, at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

Mining Nomenclature.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The names of mines in Leadville are a curious index to the fancies, principles and characters of the owners. Thus we have little need to be told that a violent ex-rebel owns "The Robert E. Lee," or a son of Erin "The Robert Emmet." "Mining humor," says a correspondent, "exhibits itself in the 'Dead-broke,' 'Last Chip,' 'Solid Muldoon,' 'Hunkidori,' etc., while coming despair tells its tale in the 'Last Chance' and 'Faint Hope.' But by far the longest list of names remind us that most of these rough miners, in their dirt and their rags, have a tender memory of some sweet one far away, to whom their heart clings, and whose loved name may perhaps bring them luck. Who are they—Mary Ann, Mary Jane, Emma, Stella, Adelaide, Bonnie Kate, Little Edith, Leila, Lora Lynn, Minnie Lee, Lady Alice—wives, sweethearts or daughters?

"Each miner thinks of a different name,
But all sing Annie Laurie."

An Indian Romance.

Little Bird, daughter of a great chief of the Sioux, had many white lovers, one of whom—John Provost, by name—sent her a pony, which she accepted, which ceremony is all that is necessary to constitute a marriage according to Indian law. Just at the happiest moment of his life the gay bridegroom was interrupted, as he was starting on a wedding tour, by a rival, named Barnard, who explained to the newly-made bride that her gay bridegroom had married her with a stolen pony, and that the pledge of faith belonged to him (Barnard), and consequently the bride also. The dusky maiden saw it at once, and declared that as she had accepted the pony, the owner, whoever he might be, was of course her husband. Provost, the first husband, at once committed suicide, and two days afterwards, Barnard was shot from the bushes; after which the dusky widow mounted the pony, caught the murderer, shot him dead, and found that it was Provost's brother. N. B. This is an Indian romance right out of real life.

LAWYER DEMLITZ, of St. Louis, is invariably polite. A long and terrific roll of thunder stopped him in an address to the jury, and on resuming he said: "Gentlemen, pray excuse this interruption."

Personal Recollections of Lady Stanley.

Lady Stanley contributes an interesting article to the *Nineteenth Century*, which is rendered very valuable by the personal recollections of the author, who has been for thirty years actively engaged in different schemes for the education of women. Regretting that our space precludes the entire article, we condense the most important points for the benefit of our readers:

"It was about the year 1846, or 1847, that the attention of some influential persons was called to the miserable state of girls' secondary education, and that a first effort was made to remedy the evil by the foundation of Queen's College, Harly street. This was the first public institution opened for the higher education of girls, and its establishment was chiefly due to the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

"The first idea of the founders was that governesses only were to be educated in this college; but that limited plan, by the very necessities involved, soon gave place to one including all who would and could come to the classes. * * * I have spoken at some length of Queen's College, because in the rapid progress of these latter years its place in the history of women's education is apt to be forgotten.

"But however great the service done by a single institution, its influence was limited. The neglect, or rather perversion, of girls' education throughout the country needed wider and more searching remedies. * * * A committee was formed on the 23d of October, 1862, for obtaining the admission of girls to the university local examinations. Miss Emily Davis, the Secretary of the committee, was the life and soul of the movement, and in 1864 a memorial, signed by a thousand ladies and gentlemen officially engaged in or connected with educational work, and supported by other influential persons, was presented to the Vice-Chancellor and the Senate of the University of Cambridge. The answer was favorable, and in 1865 the Cambridge local examinations were finally thrown open to girls, and six local centers were formed.

"In December, 1878, the number of candidates was 2,379. The example of Cambridge was followed after a time by Oxford.

"The next reform in order of time was the effort to secure university education for women; and this movement, begun amid ridicule and difficulties of every kind, has nevertheless, in the course of ten years achieved its object."

Strange Features of New York Life.

New York contains many strange and startling features of misery and crime to which one never becomes fully accustomed. A boy of seven years is locked up in the tombs for theft. This is the youngest prisoner on the record—but what a dreadful spectacle! Look also at the mother or eighty-six seeking protection of the police from the violence of a son who beat her habitually, and was therefore bound over to keep the peace. Another feature in general misery is the history of the once "respectable woman" who died in a cellar and was buried in the Potter's Field. Four months after this termination of a wretched existence the deceased became, through the death of a relative, an object of importance. She would have been the heir of a large estate had her life been prolonged to the present time, but such was the end of beauty and education and refinement. Incidents like these occasionally come before us through the police reports, but how little do we know of those which have no record! Where one may be made public there are hundreds that are never heard of out of their immediate circle. What a strange feature in the chronicle of crime is that woman (Elizabeth Munker), not merely that she is a confirmed kleptomaniac, but that her specialty is surgeons' implements. She has a passion for robbing the offices of this profession, which may certainly be claimed as an original feature in crime. This leads to the remark that kleptomania is rather on the increase. There are so many pretty things which every one cannot afford to purchase that some other way is practiced, and soon the habit becomes so established that it may claim the milder name of "mania." The "lady thieves" are so numerous that Stewart's and other fashionable stores employ detectives, but the pilferers still make their depredations. When detected, they are ready to pay for their plunder, and as they can plead "good family" and "respectable connections," it passes for mere "kleptomania."

The Champion Boy to Sleep.

The Liverpool *Post* tells a strange adventure of a venturesome small boy. It appears that he played truant from school, and dared not to go home at night. He managed to get into the station yard at Chorley, with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger carriages; but he failed to gain access, the doors being locked. He then crept under the guard's van, and pulled himself on the couple of short rods between the axle of the wheel and the carriage floor, and between which the brake apparatus passes. In this position he went to sleep, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the train started for Wigan. The lad was actually brought to Wigan, and again taking to Chorley, still clutching the rods. At the latter place he was discovered, still fast asleep, and rescued from his perilous position. The marvel is how the lad remained on this frail support during his eighteen miles journey, and asleep all the while. Had he moved, death was certain.

Clerical Wit.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," says: At one time when the crops were much laid by continuous rains, and wind was earnestly desired in order to restore them to a fit condition for the sickle, "a minister," he says, "in his Sabbath services expressed their wants in prayer, as follows: 'O, Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind, not a rantin', tantin' tearin' wind, *but* a nookin', soughin', winnin' wind.' In like manner, I have heard of a prayer preferred by a somewhat simple New Englander, who was overheard offering his petition behind a stump of bushes in the field: 'O, Lord, I want a new coat—good cloth—none of your coarse, flimsy kind of stuff, but a good peice of thick, warm, comfortable brodcloth—such as Bill Hale wear."

Greatness.

'Tis noted of some scholars, like Swift and Gibbon and Donne, that they pretended to vices which they had not, so much did they hate hypocrisy. William Blake, the artirt frankly says: "I never knew a bad man in whom there was not something very good." Bret Harte has pleased himself with noting and recording the sudden virtue blazing in the wild reprobates of the ranches and mines of California. Men are ennobled by morals and intellect; but these two elements know each other and always beacon to each other until at last they meet in the man, if he is to be truly great.

Fight It Out.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question:

"Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" replied the *enfant terrible.* "Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

"Well, we don't live together; we can't agree; we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

THERE is a precocious six-year old boy in Yorkville who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell "matrimony." "M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster, promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't know exactly what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it."

The man who scolds his crying baby and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bot le of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a Recipe that will cure you, *FREE OF CHARGE.* This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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